

Lonely Hanyou

by Otaku-neesan

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Summary: The past of a lonely girl. Shunned and hunted by others after the death of her parents, she finds a home with a kind priestess named Kikyo. But when Kikyo dies, and many years pass, she is alone. Another home, family, and loss. How many times is she cursed to find a family, only to have them go? Will this change if she finds love? Or will he die too?(Imagine cover girl w/ dog ears)

## 1. Prologue

A teenage girl stumbled through the forest, tears of pain in the corners of her beautiful amber eyes. Her tan face was contorted with pain, and she was biting her rosy lower lip. She clutched one sharp-nailed hand to a shoulder wound, blood that was stained with a green substance trickling through her fingers sluggishly. Her eyes showed wariness as she continuously glanced at her surroundings with a hand on the hilt of her katana, seeming to expect something to lunge at her from the underbrush.

Suddenly a beam of bright sunlight burst through the thick canopy of the trees around her, illuminating her shiny silver hair and cute dog ears. She was momentarily blinded, not having seen the sun for a couple hours. She shook her head, trying to clear the afterimage of the sun in her eyes. Once fully adjusted, she blinked and slowly moved on, still feeling vaguely dizzy.

She had been traveling for a couple days, sent to the village of Edo by the clan headman, who was also her adoptive father. He had deemed her best equipped for the journey, not because of her skill or half-demon bloodlines, but merely because she had lived there before and was on familiar terms with the head priestess.

The reason for the mission was very simple. Their village had a shard of the Sacred Jewel in their possession, and wished to return it to

the one whom they had gifted the Jewel in the first place. Priestess Kikyo, who had a famous amount of spiritual energy and was the only one with the ability to purify the Jewel when it had been utterly defiled fifty years ago.

That is why Half-Demon Shirudo Ryuuji was currently making her way to a place she hadn't been to in a very, very long time.

## 2. Chapter One

### Shirudo's POV

I sniffed the air, trying to find the scent of humans that would lead me to my old village. I faintly sensed a day old trail and followed it, knowing they would lead me where I needed to go. My shoulder was agonizing, and I was highly suspicious that the bear demon I had killed this morning had had poisonous claws. My head was fuzzy, and my vision blurred for a second, causing me to trip over the root of a tree and almost land flat on my face. At the last second, I righted myself by clinging to the bark of that same tree, mumbling curses against bear demons under my breath.

I clumsily stood back up, trying to find my center of balance. After a minute, I abandoned the attempt, taking my sheathed sword from my sash and using it as a cane of sorts. As I continued on (eyes peeled for those trip-hazards called roots,) my legs were starting to feel weak, and I was having a hard time trying to keep my mind clear so I could concentrate on where I was going. Numerous times, I failed to pay attention, causing me to walk right into trees and trip over more roots.

Suddenly, I burst into a very familiar clearing, one with a tall and majestic tree in the center. I shivered, not able to tear my gaze away from it, the tree called Goshinboku, one which had created much pain in my childhood. My eyes were drawn to a scarred spot on the tree, nearly hidden among the roots.

\_'The place where I was sealed,' \_My mind supplied. I gulped.

I forced myself to look away as another wave of dizziness hit me. I couldn't linger on the past and feel sorry for myself, not when I had a mission. Much less when I was poisoned. I took a deep breath and turned away, from both Goshinboku and the memories, knowing the path to Edo from here.

As I walked the familiar path through the forest, I felt my legs getting weaker and my senses getting duller by the second. I barely managed to wobble through the village, ignoring the fierce whispers and hateful glances I got from the villagers, and end up in front of Priestess Kikyo's hut before I felt the blackness of unconsciousness pull on my hazy mind. I dropped to my knees and fought to stay awake.

Someone exited the hut, gasping and dropping something large (as I guessed from the thud it made) as they took a step toward me. A familiar scent assaulted my sensitive nose, much dulled by the poison coursing through my veins. I smiled weakly in their general direction, only able to see a blurry figure.

"Kikyo-nee? I'm...so glad..."

And then I passed out, happy that I had made it to her.

End  
file.